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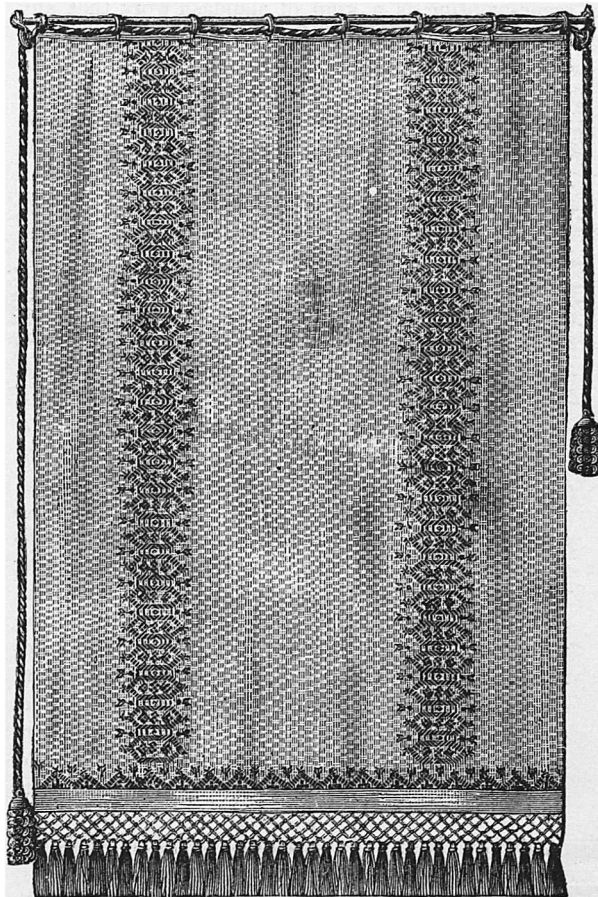
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own house I shall not have such a decided contrast."

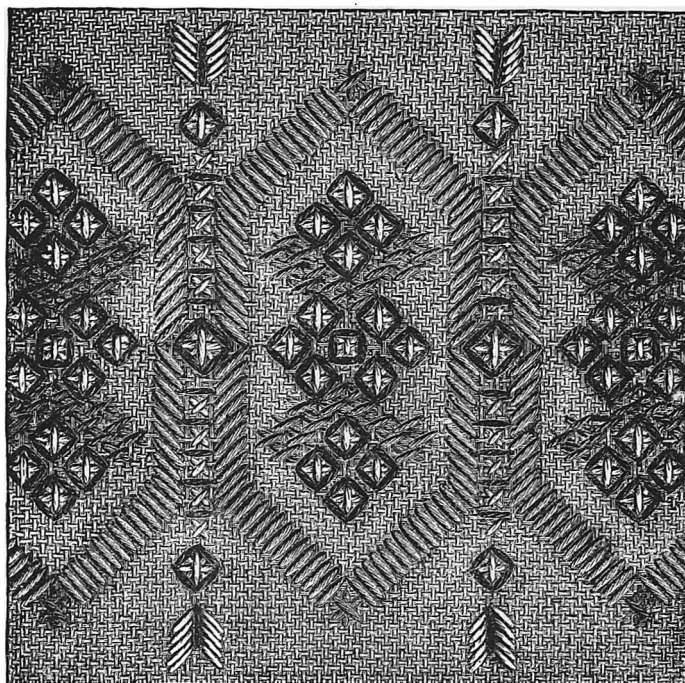
A little thing to speak of, yet it is one of many which show that the subtleties of art are growing upon appreciation. Not half a dozen years since people were raving over their fashion for color and talked of having "the love of a savage for bright color," with a notion it was the sign of true artistic grace in their souls. Some eyes have had enough of scarlet and yellow, which nature always swathes with blue and dun mists in the season of them, and can find the beauties of low color, and the soft shadings left by air, damp, and fire on stones and the bark of trees and dying leaves. A little more, or less, and this drawing-room would repeat the shadings of a wood in late autumn. The gray sagittaria leaves on the wall, with shadows of Indian red and darker gray, the tones of blackening bark and lichen-rust in the figures of the base, a gilding light as willow stems in the cornice, the carpet in some woody pattern of gray and brown leaves with dull red berries, old English walnut-wood furniture in gray cloth, with touches of charming color from the porcelains and ornaments, the very child's book on the table lending its acceptable trifle of gayety and home suggestion. For there is unmistakable evidence of these rooms being lived in, and owning the final charm any man can put to his house, that of careful usage. I lean in the easy chair, feeling rather than seeing the pleasant touches which leave the pleased impression, as good for a tired soul as getting one's own way sometimes is. The long outlines of the figures in the German engravings, the low curves of the gaselier in gold bronze, with nothing particular about it except that it is very simple and just right, which simple things are not always, the pink French porcelains on the mantel hung with wine-red velvet and macramé fringes in flax-gray that suit the tones of the paper, the slant carved rack full of heavy books on theories of color, tools for the workshop, not dilettante reading, are pleasingly gathered in the best corner of this study-parlor, its recessed window, draped with écru lace and the peachy Morris curtains, such a window as Mr. Hennessy loved in his earlier pictures, looking out on just such young trees and half twilight as this. And as I regret again the romance lost to American art with that painter, in comes the blonde mistress, who lights the rooms with her bright hair and complexion, and is the keynote to their harmony. The bust of Clytie is deposited, the quaint little black mahogany pillar table pushed out, and the tray of picturesque china placed for impromptu tea. Tea from a blue and white china teapot with wicker handle, with quaint cups and plates to match, sugar and cream in lucid black and gold porcelain, even the bread and grapes assisting the picture on the polished table, has a flavor unknown to the common ceremonial; but English tea with a vase of old Wedgewood on the corner of the table, and ivory-fleshed Staffordshire whose butterflies have just alighted on the meadow stems, while a well-informed woman talks china marks and Danish carvings by one's side, has an aroma not to be had for any eighteen shillings a pound, not if you are friends with the Russian Minister himself. I freely own to holding modern faience and royal Sèvres in light repute, and Capo di Monté as only fit to go with debased Italian taste in sculpture, and would leave a whole exhibition of them to look at one piece of veritable old Wedgewood like this, proved and undoubted as its mistress tells. The Wedgewood family was dining at the house of her husband's father in England, when he, then an amateur photographer, proposed to take the pictures of the guests. One of them died shortly after, leaving the family in special grief because they had no late likeness of him, when the young friend finished the picture taken the day of the dinner and sent it to them. Such a service was acknowledged by the gift of one of the original classic pieces, of Flaxman's design, an urn-shaped vase, over a foot high, of the delicate lavender ground, as gem-like a tint as turquoise, or beryl, which modern Wedgewood hardly tries to copy, with its procession of lawn-draped figures whose robes reveal the symmetry of shape beneath, as if it were thinnest Cyprus

and not clay in which the inspired potter worked. The pure engraving of each outline, the expression like that of Greek gems, are what impatient, boastful modern art cannot catch. The ornaments of a house tell its refinement, and in this one nothing is meaningless or inharmonious. Its curios are such trifles as the Japanese picture leaves, the skeleton leaf of the



WINDOW-BLIND EMBROIDERY.

plane tree enamelled with brilliant birds and flies, outdoing all skeletonizing by our lady amateurs, priceless china and fine pieces of bric-a-brac made by the owner himself. The hostess shows with pride the writing-desk of polished walnut, with deep-pierced mountings in fine brass, exquisitely finished and fitted, lined with blue velvet, made by her husband for her birthday present. The bracket is his work, the tiles



DETAIL OF WINDOW-BLIND,

his own. Her hands made and hung the heavy draperies of damascene and wove the laces for the mantels, and the embroidered cushions—buttercups on a gray ground mounted on dark olive cloth—are her leisure work, done with five minutes' showing of the stitch from a pupil of the Decorative Society—no sketchy, uneven work, but fine close filling, as firmly outlined as if with paint and pencil.

The sight of such a house is enough to make all dawdlers who have been satisfied with reading and chattering art uneasy till they have learned to use their hands to purpose as well as their tongues, and they have something to show as well as to say. So I think as I pull my grapes to pieces, and the hostess tells of a treasure-trove in Montrose, nothing less than a set of ancient Danish furnishings, heirlooms of the family which brought them over, now broken up, whose survivor wishes to dispose of them before going back to her native country. Think of it! old carved oak cabinets, and a trousseau chest, and drawing-room chairs, in the beautiful work peculiar to northern Europe, of which precious little gets a chance to come to this country. I have said enough to break the rest of artistic souls, from Tremont Street to San Francisco, with fevers of desire. I do suppose, when we all have cleverness to take the fitting of our houses more into our own hands, instead of paying sums to indifferent paper-hangers and upholsterers, we may come to have prettier homes, and a trifle to invest in heirlooms for other generations to admire. If we cannot have the heirlooms, at least let us have homes worthier the name.

SHIRLEY DARE.

#### ANTIQUE CARVED MIRROR.

THE work upon this mirror shows us the perfection of the Etrusco-Hellenic art of carving. It is in the possession of Professor Gerhard, of Berlin. According to the inscriptions it represents Semele bending forward with maternal love to the youthful Bacchus, to receive his graceful kisses and embraces. Next to them stands Apollo as the Pythian god, with the laurel wreath in his right, and behind him sits a satyr boy who plays upon a double pipe. For purity of form and gracefulness of composition, this splendid work stands on a level with the finest productions of Hellenic art.

#### WINDOW-BLIND EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY is now very successfully applied to window-blinds. Our model is écru canvas cloth. The detail of the design with which it is embellished is given in the engraving below it. It is carried out in violet, green, and pale blue wools; but the colors should be selected with regard to the furniture of the room. The model is lined with dark green silk.

## Decorative Art Notes.

The peacock makes its appearance in embroidery from the very earliest times as a favorite subject for what Cowper called "the threaded steel." Its use for the decoration of ecclesiastical garments was continual, both in mediæval and ancient times. One of the robes of Pope Paschal was indebted to the embroiderer for its radiant hues; it was of "an amber color, with peacocks." Pope Leo IV. had a church-hanging worked with a needle, having on it the design of a man seated on a peacock. Pope Stephen V. had four magnificent hangings for the altar, the centre one being wrought entirely with peacocks. According to ancient custom, the angels' wings in embroideries were formed of peacocks' feathers.

There is a great improvement in recent designs of bird-cages, and as these articles often constitute a striking feature of an apartment, it comes none too soon. The Osborn Manufacturing Company particularly show originality in this direction.

The demand among amateur china painters for colored designs has been supplied by Messrs. Marsching & Co., who have a large variety, and on the back of each is given a list of the colors needed for the work.

By far the finest decorative work on linen with indelible ink that we have seen is that done by F. A. Whiting, of Dunellen, N. J. It is admirable in neatness of execution, and the designs are original and artistic. Some good specimens of etching on linen done with his ink are to be seen on a set of doyleys at the rooms of the New York Society of Decorative Art.

One of the attractions at Company Six's table at the Seventh Regiment Armory Fair will be a fan of twenty sticks, each painted by an eminent artist.